The Loyal BLACK-SMITH AND NO *JESUITE*;

BEING

A True Relation how I *William Houlbrook* Black-ſmith of *Marleborough* was betray'd by Cornet *George Joyce*, who was the Villain that carried the King priſoner from *Holmby*; and of the unjuſt impriſoning of me: Alſo my ſeveral examinations before *Bradſhaw*, and his bloody Crew: With my Anſwers unto all of them, as you may read in the following Diſcourſe.

Written in the time of my impriſonment, and now put to publick view.

The Second Edition.

Luke 21. 14, 15. *Settle it therefore in your hearts, not what ye ſhall anſwer; for I will give you wiſdom which all your adverſaries ſhall not gainſay.*

LONDON,

Printed for the Author, and are to be ſold by the Bookſellers of the City and Country. 1677.

To the Right Honorable the Lords, Lieutenants of the County of Wilts. *and to the Right Worſhipful the Deputy Lieutenants, together with the reſt of the Loyal Gentlemen of the ſaid County, &c. As alſo to Sir* John Elloway *Knight. and* Jeoffery Daniel *Eſq; Burgeſſes for the Town of* Marleborough. William Houlbrook *humbly dedicates his ſad ſufferings by the* Rump *Parliament in this enſuing Relation.*

Right Honorable, and Right Worſhipful,

OU have here preſented the reſult of a few melancholy nights, ſpun out in recollecting what the minds Intelligencer had recorded from the ſingle Eyed *Cyclopean* cruelty, and unthought of heat in framing Chariots, and hammering out Thunder-bolts and other Engines for *Mars.* Verily did not Zeal burn within me, as impatient of concealing ſuch fire-brands, I ſhould not dare thus boldly to ſcribble and grate your (now) ſerene, ſedate ſpirits with ſuch an ignoble pedantick ſtory of Royalty raviſhed with the diſguiſed wild-fire of Ariſtocraſie, which heaven only knows how many heads of this Kingdom it might have blown off, had they not (as wanting ſufficiency of the Fool to act the Knave artificially) being too confident of effecting their deſigns, in due time diſcovered their dark Lanthorn.

Honored Sirs, The noble reſpect you were wont to manifeſt towards all induſtrious atchievements, as alſo ſome Friends did incite me not to defer the divulging this (though rude, ruſtick, incompoſed) Table-talk; hath imboldned me to crave for it a ſhelter under the ſhadow of your benigne wings from the contagious breath of heated tongues.

I am far from preſuming to delineate theſe Monſters, ſo as to undertake to derive their Pedegree, to fadom their bottomleſs profundity, or calculate the knavery, ſimplicity, inſtability or independency either of their lives or actions: but yet I have adventured in Loyalty to my Sovereign, obedience to your ſelves, reſpect to my friends, and fidelity unto all, to preſent you a true (though not ſo artificial) ſurvey of a ſingle plot, which had almoſt been unwittingly purchaſed of the intending uſurping Landlords, had not their *Achitophel* like Counſels been ſoon defeated, and they ſoon after confounded in their own devices, for which Divine Providence, and a continuance thereof, is, and I hope ever ſhall be the daily prayer of him, who devotes himſelf, to fear God, honor the King, and unfeignedly to ſerve you,

William Houlbrook.

THE

The Epistle to the

READER.

CHristian Reader, it was not my thoughts ever to appear in Print, nor do I now in any vain-glory, expect any praise from men; but being moved by some Friends, and having most part of it written by me ever since I was in Newgate, and having witnesses in the Country that knew how it was acted: I have thought good not to pass it over with silence; for it is not for any private ends that I do it, but that the world may know what bloody men we have had in this Nation that went under the Notion of Religious men, when indeed they were Devils; as witness that blasphemous Petition of Praise-God Barebones, for which he had the thanks of the Devils Imps, to have Church and State ruined; but there be many other Presidents of as great a nature, and therefore I shall not name them here; but we have had such wicked Governments that no man did dare to speak his conscience. Seeing now it is Gods Love and mercy to settle us in our ancient form of Government, of King, Lords and Commons, let us submit thereto, according to our duty; For we all see the danger in rejecting the Lords Anointed, and to what great

great extremities these poor Nations were brought into by endeavoring to ruine one another: And I desire all persons that shall find fault with me, to examine their own selves, and not to look too much abroad, and all people to obey their King, and all Soldiers to remember our Saviour Christs Commands, and in their doing so, we shall live a peaceable and quiet life, according to Gods Command, and shall never be brought under such bloody men again. So leaving thee to the ensuing Discourse, I rest,

Thine to serve thee,

William Houlbrook.

The Names of them that *Joyce* and his bloody Crew did endeavor to Ruine.

The Right Honourable the Duke of Buckingham, *the Marquess of* Hartford, *the Lord* Seymour, *the Lord* Herbert *of* Badmington *Sir* John Glanvil, *Sir* Walter Saint-Johns, *Colonel* Popham, William Prynn *Esq; Mr.* Proffit *Minister in* Marleborough, *Mr.* Woodbridge *of* Newbury, *Mr.* Web *of* Ogbourn, *Mr.* Byfield *of* Collingbourn, *Mr.* Chambers *of* Pewzy, *Mr.* Fowler *of* Reading, *Cap.* Burges *of* Marleborough, *Mr.* Tho. Bayley, *Mr.* Clarke, *Mr.* Rachley, *Mr.* Calloway *of* Wick, *Mr.* Hunt *of* Collingbourn, *Mr.* Pierse *Alderman of* Bath, *Capt.* Harrington *near* Bath, *Mr.* Bond *of* Ogbourn, *Mr.* Carter, *Mrs* Parroom, *Mr.* Mascoll *of* London, *with many other good Christians in other parts of the Kingdom.*

A

BLACK-SMITH

AND NO

JESUITE;

Or the *Smith* of

MARLEBOROUGH.

THE Twenty eighth of *July*, 1659. Cornet *Joyce*, Cornet *Smale*, Quarter-Master *Tynne*, Mr. *Waldron*, and Corporal *Carter*, came to *Marleborough* with about twenty Soldiers, which Soldiers Quartered at the *George* at the Towns end; but Cornet *Joyce* and the reſt of his Confederates, went into the Town; *Joyce* Quartering at the *White Hart*, and the reſt at the Angel; having thus diſperſed themſelves, I was ſent for to Shoe Cornet *Smale's* Horſe,

which I did; being called into the Chamber to receive my due, I went, not suspecting any design; but after payment, *Tynne*, *Waldron*, *Smale*, and *Carter*, were exceeding inquisitive concerning news; I told them I could not inform them of any, being from home till last night at *Sarum* Assizes: What news there? I made answer, great complaints of bad Trading, and great Taxes, and the poor ready to famish.

Tynne. Is It so? said *Tynne*; now thou shalt see honest Smith that in a short time things will alter, for thou shalt see the *Rump* turned out.

Smith. Say you so sir? truly I am very glad of that, for then I shall have some work, and likewise all other tradesmen.

Smale. Truly honest Smith, I see thou art right, for I have lost all that I had for being for the King.

Smith. Sir, be of good comfort, for a good Conscience goes beyond riches, and no doubt but God will raise you up again.

Then they asked me what friends the King had thereabouts; I said there are many that would be glad to see better times.

Tynne. But honest Smith, dost thou know of any who have sent any thing to carry on our Kings Interest? thou needs not be afraid, (said he) for we are as faithfull true subjects to the King as any persons can be: than they all said, we have lost our estates, we have ventured our lives, and therefore thou needest not doubt or fear us.

Smith.

Smith. No, for my part I have no cause; then they called for Beer, and did Drink the Kings Health, and I pledged them: then they said the *Rump* was Cheaters; and my answer was, they said true enough, for they had not only cheated the King of his right, but many thousands more.

Tynne. It is very true indeed, for these Members which sit now at *Westminster* have cheated me of a brave Estate.

Waldron. And so also have they of mine, and I would not for Fourty pounds but that I had known thee, for thou maist do us a great deal of good, to help on our Interest.

Smith. My answer was, that any good which I could do, I would do with all my heart.

Smale. Well honest Smith, tell what persons be here abouts as will do us any good, for our desire is not to be Governed by this *Rump* all the daies of our lives.

Smith. You speak well Sir, for they did pretend the Bishops were lazy, and would Preach but once a year, and *Hazelrig* and the rest have gained their Estates, and they will not Preach at all; and added also, that self interest had been the cause of all divisions, for there is no more Religion in any of them than is in a Wigion: then one of them went out of the Room, and called *Tynne* out after him, and left only Cornet *Smale* with me.

Smale. Honest Smith, what do you think of Captain *Burges*, and Mr. *Thomas Baly*?

Smith. They are very honest Gentlemen, and would be glad to see better times: But Sir, did you never hear the Letter that came from Hell to this Parliament, otherwise called the *Rump*?

Smale. No, pray tell us what it was; so I did.

Smith. It was directed, To our Right and Trusty, Welbeloved Members now sitting at our House at *Westminster*; or in their absence, To our good promoters of our *Good Old Cause.*

The Contents followeth.

Right dear and Welbeloved,

Whereas you according to the trust that we have reposed in you, have gone on with the work of Reformation, and desolation of all our good People of England, *we return you thanks; hoping you will persevere so to the end; And our desire is, that you will send as few to Heaven of those you Murther as you can; for we must give you a hint of your former mistakes in* Charles, Love, *and* Hewit, cum multis aliis, (*here you must understand the Divel mistakes, in speaking Latin to those as cannot understand* English) *And we would not have you cloy us with so many stinking* Lobsters, *I mean your Red-Coats; for if we shall think it convenient to continue you any longer on Earth, we shall come and keep our Court amongst you at* White-Hall; *therefore we would not have you sell it, nor yet* Somerset house; *it may be thought meet if you sit long, to make it one of our Queens Palaces.*

Dated at the *Stygian Lakes,*

In the Infernal shades. *Pluto.*

This

This I told them, and many other things which made them very merry; and all this ime they called for Beer, and when one had drank unto me, then another did begin; so they kept me drinking till Ten a Clock that Night, and they did endeavor to keep all out of the Room, Tapster and Chamberlain, because they should not hear what they did say unto me. Then one of them went to Cornet *Joyce* at the *White Hart*, and told him that they had got a Black-Smith at their Inn, who would do them a great deal of good, and wished him to deal warily with me; for they could do no good upon me, if he would but try me they knew it would be worth their labor in coming; so he promised them in the Morning he would attempt what they desired: All this was done unknown to me, (and all this I was told by the Chamberlain afterwards.) Having proceeded thus far, and it being late, they began to prepare for Bed, so away came I home, and told my Mother and a Neighbor what had passed. The next Morning Cornet *Joyce* did send for me, to come and shoe his Horse, and I went; but it was as a Bird to the Snare, by the cunning of the Fowler. As soon as I came to the *Hart*, he was standing at the Stable Door, and was Cloathed like a Farmer, and so I thought him to be; and he desired me to Nail his Horse, which I did, and he gave me Six pence for my labor: Sir, this is too much, no, it is not said he, for thou dost deserve

it, for I perceive that thou art a good Workman.

Joyce. Welcome honeſt Smith, go up into my Chamber, and I will make thee Drink into the bargain.

Smith. I being come into the Chamber, *Joyce* called for a Pint of White-wine and Sugar, and ſome Tobacco and Pipes, and cauſed me to ſit down with him, and drank unto me.

Joyce. Come honeſt Smith, here is a Health unto the King; and threw his Hat under the board.

Smith. Seeing that, I plucked of my Hat alſo, and ſaid, with all my Heart; and pledged him.

Joyce. Come honeſt heart, as a comfort unto thee, I'le tell thee news, if thou doſt not know of it already.

Smith. What is that Sir, I pray?

Joyce. I will tell thee, there is to be this day ſevennight a Rendezvouz of about Ten thouſand men at the Forreſt of *Dean* for the King, did'ſt not hear of it?

Smith. No indeed Sir, not I; I never heard of any ſuch thing.

Joyce. It is very true; for a Friend of mine at *London* hath ſent down 50000. *l.* into the *weſt*, and Ten thouſand Caſe of Piſtols to carry on my Maſters intereſt; how thinkeſt thou of that, honeſt Smith?

Smith. Very well; God proſper you. I am glad

glad to hear such news; for God knows, Sir, I should be willing to venture my Life for the King, so I might do him any Service.

Joyce. It is a sad thing for a man to be banished from his right, and for seeking after it to be Proclaimed a Traytor by those that are Traitors themselves, and Murderers too.

Smith. Then he shewed me the Kings Commission, telling me that the King had given him power to raise Forces for him, and I did read his Commission, and there was the Broad Seal on it, signed *Charles Rex.* Having laid this as a Foundation to the mischief intended, he proceeds to ask of me many Questions; first about Captain *Burges.*

Joyce. Dost thou think that Captain *Burges* is right for us?

Smith. Pray Sir do not question that, for he is a very honest Godly man; and I am sure he is willing to have a Government setled, and not be Governed by the Fag-end of the Nation, as we are now (the more is the pity)

Joyce. I believe he is honest, because he hath not raised his Troop all this while; but dost hear honest heart? Dost know of any that hath given any Money or Horses to carry on our Masters interest?

Smith. No indeed Sir? I do not know of any that have.

Joyce. But dost know of any that will?

Smith. Yes, there are as honest men here abouts as any in the Land.

Joyce. What dost think of the Lord *Seamour*?

Smith. He is a gallant, noble, and worthy person.

Joyce. But dost hear honest heart? dost know of any interest which he hath carried on for my Master?

Smith. No indeed sir; I do not know of any interest wherein he hath engaged himself in reference to the King

Joyce But dost think if we should make trial of him to aid and assist my Master, that he would be willing? for, if we should take away horses by force, we shall lose the good will of the Countrey; therefore if we can gain such men as he whereby to carry on our design without oppression, we shall be in a more likely way to prosper.

Smith. Truly sir, you may make trial and see, but he lives very privately, for they have been pulled and baited up and down, so that I think they will have but small stomack to meddle any more, unless they see an opportunity.

Joyce. Well Smith, what, dost thou know my Lord *Marquesse*? what dost thou conceive of him?

Smith. Truly, a noble Lord.

Joyce. Dost thou know of any interest he hath carried on for my Master?

Smith. No indeed sir, I do not know of any.

Joyce.

Joyce. Dost think that Captain *Burges* doth carry on any design for him?

Smith. No indeed Sr, I do not know any of them that carry on any design for him; but I conceive they are all his good friends.

Joyce. Dost think that the Lord *Marquess* will do my Master any good, to let me have any money, or Horses; for that as we do, it must be done before the *Militia* be raised, or else we shall be disappointed.

Smith. You may go and try Sir; for if you go to him, I believe he will do what may be done with the safety of his Life and Estate.

Joyce. But honest Smith, if thou wilt go and carry these Letters to these men, thou shalt be well paid; which Letters are in number four; one for the Lord *Marquesse*, another for the Lord *Seamour*, one to the High Sheriff, and the other to Mr. *Webb* of *Ogbourn* a Minister.

Smith. I cannot go, to morrow being Saturday, and our Market day, which requires my being at home; therefore I pray go your self.

Joyce. Honest Smith, what thinkest thou of Mr. *Byfield*, Mr. *Proffit*, Dr. *Chambers*.

Smith. Truly they are honest true hearts, and would be glad to see better times.

Joyce. Dost think we may trust these *Presbyterians*? for thou knowest they have been false to my Masters Father.

Smith. Pray Sir, do not Question them; there were

were ſome indeed who were not right; but they that were ſo, have ſuffered deeply for it: For *Quakers*, and *Anabaptiſts*, and others of the *Phanatick* ſort have been ſo violent againſt them, as to pull them out of the Pulpits, and caſt dirt in their Faces; as that now they will prize a good King when it is Gods will to ſend him.

Joyce. But doſt hear Smith? Where is your meeting place?

Smith. At Mr. *Thomas Baylies.*

Joyce. What is Mr. *Baylie*?

Smith. An honeſt Royal heart.

Joyce. But if we ſhould ſpeak with him, he having no Horſes, will be uſeleſs in this matter.

Smith. But Sir, Mr. *Byfield* of *Collingbourn* hath Two, he may have One of them.

Joyce. Well honeſt Smith, what Horſe was that which the Duke of *Buckingham* bought here?

Smith. A very good Horſe indeed Sir.

Joyce. Doſt hear he is going to carry on our Maſters Deſign?

Smith. No indeed Sir, I do not hear ſo; but he bought one or two Horſes by the way, and one there; and ſaid he would buy ſome more if he could light upon them worth Money, and therefore it may be like enough.

Joyce. Well honeſt Smith, the Lord *Fairfax* is to be General of all theſe Forces as are raiſing now.

Smith. I am very glad of that indeed Sir, for he

is

is very well beloved in the Army; if he could have had his will, our King had never been beheaded.

Joyce. Thou saist right honest Smith; but dost hear no reports of it whether it is so or no?

Smith. No verily Sir; I did never hear of it untill now.

Joyce. But dost hear Smith; dost know of any who are to carry on my Masters design? If thou dost know; do so much as tell me, for I shall be as true as thine own heart.

Smith. There are many true Royal hearts that are gone down towards *Bathe.*

Joyce. Who in particular, honest Smith?

Smith. One of them is one of *London*, one Mr. *Maskell.*

Joyce. And how can'st tell honest Smith?

Smith. Why, he had some discourse with me?

Joyce. What discourse was it you had?

Smith. He said Sir, that there was an interest carrying on, and he did hope I would Fight for my Country as well as the rest.

Joyce. O! I do know him, for he is an honest blade! a good number of such men would do well, do'st know of any more?

Smith. No indeed Sir.

Joyce. What company had he with him here?

Smith. Why Sir? he had two or three with him.

Joyce. What were they?

Smith. One of them was one that was a Prisoner; and

and *Thurlo* that wicked fellow would not ſuffer him to have the uſe of Pen, Ink, and Paper; but he ſaid he ſhould be even with him; he is as honeſt a Gentleman as you ever came near Sir.

Joyce. There is no doubt of that; for there is none but honeſt men do carry on my Maſters intereſt; and there is no doubt, that if ever my Maſter *King Charles* ſhall come, he is ſo Royal a Maſter, that he will reward all thoſe that are true and faithful unto him: For my part honeſt Smith I have loſt all for being faithful for my Maſter; for truly, if I had known of any intereſt carried on, I ſhould have told them of it: But do'ſt know Mr. *Bond* of *Ogbourn*?

Smith, Yes very well Sir.

Joyce. When did he come out of *France* from my Maſter?

Smith I cannot tell Sir, whether he was ever with the King or no; or whether he be at home; but I am certain he is as honeſt a true heart for the King, as any in theſe parts.

Joyce. Do you know Maſter *Parrom*?

Smith. Sir, I know him very well, for he hath ſuffered very much for the King, poor Gentleman!

Joyce. Thou ſayeſt very right honeſt Smith; but when did'ſt ſee him?

Smith. Indeed Sir I have not ſeen him a great while.

Joyce. If I could but ſee him, I ſhould make known our deſign unto him, for he would be very joyful to hear of it.

Smith.

Smith. You ſay right Sir; I, for you need not doubt but that he would be glad to hear (as well as many others) of the bringing the right Heir to his Eſtate again, from which *Oliver Cromwel* that Grand Traytor, and the reſt of his bloody Crew hath Baniſhed him, murdering his Father before his own Palace Gate, the like whereof hath not been known in former Ages; for I have read of all the Reigns of the Kings and Emperors, and cannot find the like caſe.

Joyce. Thou ſa'ſt right honeſt Smith; for it was the horrideſt thing that ever was committed; but God will find them out, I will warrant thee, for God will not let innocent blood go unrevenged.

Smith. Upon theſe Speeches the Tears did ſtand in mine eyes, which he perceiving, did take notice of it; and told *Bradſhaw* of it when I was brought to *London*, as you ſhall hear in the followving diſcourſe: Sir, ſaid I, *Oliver Cromwel* did pretend that the King vvas a Traytor, and that he did violate the Lavvs of the Nations; but pray Sir conſider vvhat he hath done; for he vvas the greateſt Traytor that ever Hell hatcht, for firſt he puts his Sovereign Lord King *Charles* to death: and vvhen that vvas counted a High Breach in the King to demand Five Members, he moſt Trayterouſly turned them All out; for juſt as *Richard* the Third did,

ſo

so did he; and likewise he brought, like the Devil, as he can, Religion for all his bloody Actions; as if God had ordered him to Murther his King, which God and Man knew was innocent, and whom he ought to have obeyed, and not to have slain: But what is it that a Tyrant will not do?

Joyce. Thou saist right honest Smith, for he was the greatest Tyrant as ever was read of, which I did find unto my sorrow; and these his Imps which now sit be as bad as he, for they seek after other mens revenues as he did, for they are bloody-minded men all of them.

Smith. You say right Sir, for if Hell had been picked there could not a more wickeder pack been found out, for they all seek after blood, and other mens Estates; and there they sit and Vote Estates one for another, and lay great Taxes upon the Nations, but never looketh after a Trade for the Nation whereby they might be able to pay them; and fetcheth *Martin* and others out of Goal as are in for Debt to sit in the House, because they lack Members to stand for the *Good Old Cause*; as if there were not men enough in the Nation, as will stand for the *Good Old Cause* as well as they; but this cause as they name, is not the Cause as tender-hearted Christians would have; for these seek after other mens Estates, for *Martin* to make him Rich; and the rest will not be in Debt as long as there is Money in the Nation.

Joyce.

Joyce. Thou saist right honest Smith, for my Estate and other mens must pay their Debts.

Smith. But Sir, did you never read Mr. *Prin's* Books? he discovereth what their *Good Old Cause* is: That man hath done as much good as any one man in the Nation; and there is no doubt but the King will reward him for it.

Joyce. Indeed honest Smith I have seen many of his Books, and have read many of his passages, but cannot hear of any thing as he doth act, and thou knowest that my Master cannot be brought in with Books, but with Arms.

Smith. You are right Sir for that, but there is a time for all things, and I believe when he can see an opportunity, he will not be wanting.

Joyce. But when didst see him.

Smith. I saw him about a week a go at the Sign of the *Bear* in *Marleborough.*

Joyce. And whither was he going?

Smith. Down towards the *Bath*, I think.

Joyce. And hadst thou any discourse with him?

Smith. I was with him there, and did speak with him by the means of a *Londoner* that was there.

Joyce. But what discourse had you with him?

Smith. Truly very little, for I went in only to see him, and I only said I was glad to see him, for I had heard good report of him, for I had read many of his Books; and he returned me thanks, and made me drink; so I went from

from him, and did never before nor ſince ſee him.

Joyce. But did he not ſpeak about a riſing there?

Smith. No indeed Sir.

Joyce. That is a vvonder they do not tell him of it, for he vvould be a good Friend to my Maſter; had I but ſpoken vvith him, I vvould have given tvventy pounds if I had been there.

Smith. You might have been there for half the Money Sir.

Joyce. But do'ſt hear honeſt Smith, Doſt know the Lord *Herbert*?

Smith. Yes ſir, very well.

Joyce. Do'ſt think he will do us any good, for he hath been right for my Maſter formerly?

Smith. You need not queſtion that ſir, he is ſo ſtill; for I aſſure you that he is as honeſt a Noble Lord, as any in the Weſtern parts.

Joyce. Do'ſt know of any Intereſt he hath carried?

Smith. No ſir, there is none that I know of, but he will not be backward when opportunity may ſerve.

Joyce, Thou doſt know a great many Travellers as come up and down, do'ſt not?

Smith. Yer ſir, I know a great many.

Joyce. I wonder thou waſt not Trappan'd amongſt them.

Smith. No, thanks be to God he hath preſerved me

me hitherto; but in *Old Nolls* time I was very fearful, because he set many such persons a work.

Joyce. How didst carry thy self being always amongst them.

Smith. I have read the 13. of the *Romans*, and there I find that we must be subject to the higher Powers, for there is no Power but is of God; and except that power do command any one to do that which is not according to his Word, then we must suffer and not resist; for there is Scripture for it: Whether it is lawful to obey God or Man judge you?

Joyce. So honest Smith, thou art in the right; for we all ought to do so.

Smith. I must now take my leave, for I am in much haste, for all my work lieth to be done, and to Morrow is our Market-day: and so I give you many thanks for all your loving kindness and favors you have shewed me.

Joyce. Nay, pray honest Smith stay a litttle longer.

Smith. I cannot indeed sir; and so I departed from him, and when I came down the stairs, I went for my shooing basket into the stable, and as I came back again, I saw Cornet *Joyce* go forth towards the Angel unto the rest of his Crew; but God knows I could not believe any otherwise, but that they had been as honest as any men in *England*, for their pretences made me believe no otherwise of them: I seeing him going forth to the Angel,

I went to the Chamberlains who heard moſt part of this diſcourſe, and deſired them to ſay nothing of what diſcourſe had paſſed between *Joyce* and me, and them; becauſe if they did, we ſhould be called to queſtion about it, and theſe honeſt Gentlemen might be ruined.

Chamberlains. We will not ſpeak a word to any Chriſtian.

Smith. Pray do not; for God proſper him and all others that be in Arms, to get him to have his own, whoſe right it is.

Chamberlains. We will all keep ſecret.

Smith. So I went home to my ſhop, but all this time I did not know what their names were, nor what they were, but when I came to my ſhop, I was ſent for to ſhooing unto the Kings Arms, and being there, after I had ſhooed the Gentlemans Horſe, he made me drink: and then I deſired Mr. *Sadler* the Inn-keeper to go into the Court, for I had ſome news to tell him: ſo I told him what *Joyce* had told me.

Sadler. I am very Joyful of it, but is it true?

Smith. It's very true, for I have ſeen the Kings Commiſſion Signed *Charles Rex.* Then my Brother came for me, and told me there was a Gentleman ſtayed at the ſhop to ſpeak with me: ſo I went to my ſhop, and when I came, it was one of them that was at the Angel the night before, as I have related already, whoſe name was Corporal *Carter.*

Carter.

Carter. Smith, prethee go along with me to shooe a Horse.

Smith. Where is your Horse sir?

Carter. At the Sign of the *George* at the Towns end.

Smith. I cannot go sir, for I shall lose more the while, than I shall take of you.

Carter. Pray go, you shall be paid over and above for your going down; for you shooed the Gentlemans Horse so well at the Hart, that I would desire you to shooe mine too.

Smith. Well Sir, any good as I can do you, I'le do with all my heart: so I went along with him, and as I was going along with him, my Mother called me.

Mother. William, whither are you going?

Smith. To the *George* to shooing:

Mother. To the *George* to shooing; to the *George* to undoing, I am afraid.

Smith. Why Mother; what need I be afraid to go? for I know of no hurt I have done to any one; so along I went with him, and as I looked behind me, I saw *Joyce,* and *Tynne,* and *Smale,* and *Waldron* coming after whispering, and still I did think they were friends to the King; so when I came to the *George,* the Horse did not want a shooe, but I was to take one off, and set a better on; and as I was a shooing of him, these Four blood-suckers as I have named, came by me, but said never a word, but went up into the Chamber; and when I had shoo-

ed the Horse, the Soldiers called me in to take my money; so I went in and received Six pence, and they made me drink so long, as it cost me the Six pence as I received for my work; then the Corporal as he had me down, said he would give me a Flagon of Beer; which I had, and there was one *James Brown* with them, who was for the King formerly, and seeing him, I took them to be very honest men: and told them their Horses were very poor and unable to do them any service.

Soldiers. We have better Horses when occasion serves.

Smith. So you had need Sirs, for the *Rump's* Soldiers have very good Horses, if they should take you, you will be utterly ruined; God preserve you; if I could gain a good Horse, I would not be long behind you to Act for such a Cause, as God owns, as he doth this.

Soldiers. Time may come, you may have a Horse honest Smith, to your hearts desire.

Smith. Then *Joyce* and the rest sent down an Order to the Soldiers, to provide for a March, and it was then time for me to march too; so I took my shooing basket, and as I was going, *James Brown* called me back.

Brown. Honest *William*, do me a Courtesie:

Smith. What is it honest *James*?

Brown. It is but to go to the end of the Village along with me, to be a Witness to the receiving of some Mone.

Smith.

Smith. Any good as I can do you, Il'e do it with all my heart; so I went along with him, and being about the middle of the Village, I looked back, and saw a led Horse coming after with Five or six a horseback, and Four or five a foot, which made me wonder what it meant; But I thought the led Horse had been for *James Brown*; so I went a little further, and being near the house, which I was to go unto, they said,

Joyce's Crew. Come Smith, get up and ride.

Smith. Why so, we are hard by the house.

Joyce's Crew. You must get up, and ride.

Smith. How Gentlemen, is it so? is this the money, the receiving of which I was to be a witness for; Gentlemen, pray tell me what you are, and whither you will carry me, and Il'e go with you with all my heart, but before Il'e go with you, knowing not whom you are, nor vvhither you vvill carry me; upon vvhich I took a case of Knifes out of my Pocket and drew one, they being afraid, lest I would do them some hurt or my self, fell upon me and took away my Knifes; *James Brown* broke one of them on his Knee, carried the other to *Joyce:* so they searched my Pockets, took from me one shilling, the Picture of *Oliver Cromwell* with an Owl on his head, and the Letter as the Devil sent to the *Rump* (as it vvas said) having so done, they set me on horseback with main strength, and tied my Legs under the Horses belly with a great cord, *Iohn Forty* of *Hungerford*

gerford was ambitious of that imployment: Then they had me away to the place called *Shabourn* out of the Rode by Woods and Lanes for fear I should be taken away from them. (Christian Reader) little dost thou think what a Condition I was in, not knowing what they were, nor whither they would carry me! fearing also lest they would have murdered me in the Woods; from *Shabourn*, their Order was to carry me out of *Wilt shire* into *Berk-shire*, and so they did: There I stayed at an Old Mans house with a Cord about me, till Nine a Clock at night, at which time there was an Order brought from *Joyce*, to carry me away to *Reading*, but they would not tell me so, until I came to *Newbury*, so they set me a Horse-back again, and the same man tied me as before: The Horse as I rid on, was a pitiful stumbling creature, he fell with me Twice upon his knees, if he had faln on his side, it had broken my legs short off; at break of day, we came to *Newbury*, where they with much intreaty untied my legs.

Souldiers. We have a very strict charge given us, our lives are at stake, if you should get away; you are not to be lost for Twenty thousand pounds.

Smith. If I did offer to run, then you might do what you would with me.

At Nine a Clock in the Morning, we came to *Reading*, where I was conveyed down to Major *Evelling*, to whom they delivered a Letter they had

had from *Joyce*, when he had read the Letter, he called me up ſtairs to him.

Evelling. How now honeſt friend, this will be a brave Voyage for you; if I could ſpeak ſo much for the good of the Nation as you can, I would give Twenty thouſand pounds; come honeſt friend, you muſt go to *London* preſently, for the Council of State do expect your being there this night; there is a Packet gone up to them about you already.

Smith. Sir, is this your Love to me to be brought all night with my legs tied, and have me now to *London*? no Sir, you ſhall draw me at the Horſes tail, before I will, until Munday; for if I am worth Twenty thouſand pounds to you, you may well keep me till Munday: Then it was ordered, I ſhould ſtay till Munday the firſt day of *Auguſt*, then I was to go towards *London*: I asked Major *Evelling* what I ſhould do for meat while I was there, for I had no money.

Evelling. You ſhall have ſome meat.

Smith. Then I was had to the *Red Lion*, where we had meat and drink, which came to Two ſhillings, thence I was carried unto the Sign of the *Angel*, where I ſupped and lay all night: the next day being Sabbath-day, when I roſe in the morning, the Souldiers upon my entreating, were willing to go to Church along with me.

Souldiers If you go to Church, you muſt pluck off your apron.

Smith. I will Gentlemen.

As I was going to Church, there comes a Corporal from Major *Evelling* to have me unto the ſhip, unto three priſoners more.

Smith. Why friend, ſaid I, we are going to Church, pray come again after dinner.

Corporal. No, you muſt go along with me; for a Church belongs not to you, nor any of your Crew.

Smith. What Crew is that you ſpeak of.

Corporal. Your bloody *Presbyterians.*

Smith. They are not ſo bloody as you are, Sir.

Corporal. Well, you muſt go along with me.

Smith. Well, Il'e go along with you; and when I came to the place aſſigned for me, they put me in a Room with two more priſoners: a porter that was taken carrying Letters to the Lady *Howard*, and a poor Seaman, which Seaman did cry out for Beer moſt miſerably, but could have none, ſo that he was forced to drink his own water; the Porter gave him a Flint that he uſed to ſtrike fire with, to put in his mouth to quench his thirſt, he fell aſleep with it in his mouth, and had lik'd to have choaked him: ſeeing this bad uſage, I was amazed, in thinking what I ſhould do, having no money: then I called for ſome Beer, and made the Tapſter believe I had ſome money, by ſpeaking theſe words, that it was a good turn as I had ſome money, or elſe I ſhould be but in a ſad condition: by which words, I had ſome Beer and Tobacco,

I made the Seaman and the Porter drink: then the Seaman spoke to me.

Seaman. The people of the house desired me to come off the Bed, and said I must lie on the Boards.

Smith. Do not, lie still where you are; It being Sabbath, I desired them to lend me a Bible, but their answer was, that a Bible did not belong to me, nor none of my Crew; I asked what Crew, and they answered, the bloody *Presbyterians:* Well then, shall I have any dinner? then they had me down in the Kitchin to dine with the servants; but there was but little meat; After dinner, I was had up into the Chamber again; and at night we were all removed into another Chamber, where we lay the next day, being Munday, we were ordered to provide our selves ready for to go to *London*, so we came to *Coate*'s Coach, where there was great contest whether they should tie my legs, or no, as I did sit in the Coach, but at last, it was carried in the Negative, by the means that one of the Soldiers was one of my acquaintance, then we went into the Coach, being four of us; that was, one Mr. *Stradling* a Gentleman of *Wales*; the Seaman, Porter, and my self, and we went by the way of *Sunning*, being two miles beyond *Reading*, and there they did take up in the Coach three Passengers more, a Gentlewoman and her Son, and an Anabaptist, the Anabaptist fell in discourse with me.

Anabaptist. Upon what Account are you carried prisoner.

Smith. Because I would not bring innocent blood on the Nation.

Anabaptist. I lament your condition, because of your hard usage.

Smith. But when I had turned my back, he *Joab* like, speaks to the Souldiers to tie my legs, and said I was the shrewdest fellow as ever he did discourse with, but they did not hearken to him. So when we came to *Colebrook*, we had a good dinner: And the Gentlewoman pitying of me, paid Four shillings six pence towards the dinner: So along we came towards *London*, but by that time we came some Four miles, I had occasion to disburthen my self of Natures due.

Smith. Pray let me come forth out of the Coach.

Souldiers. No, you shall not, it is only a pretence to get away from us, you may do it in the Coach if you will

Smith. With all my heart, I do not care; pray make room for me, hold up your legs, so I untied my point.

Coach-man. Pray Gentlemen, let him out of the Coach, for there will be a stink to poyson us all.

Souldiers. We'l let him forth: Come Smith, go to the middle of the Village.

Smith. I'le go to yonder end of the Village with all

all my heart: Or if you will not let me, I'le do it in the Coach.

Souldiers. We, wee'l go along with you.

Smith. So I went to the ditch, and they with me with their pistols in their hands: now Gentlemen, I think, you will make me do it for fear, if you watch me so narrowly.

Souldiers. We do not care for that, we can do no less; for our lives lie at stake, if you escape.

Smith. So I went into the Coach again, and about seven a Clock, we came to *London*, being the first day of *August*, the Coach carried us down to *white-hall*, where many people did resort to see what prisoners was there, so I came out with my Lether Apron before me.

Gentlemen. What have you brought here?

Smith A Black-smith.

Gentlemen. Why, what hath he done?

Smith. I do not know sir, without it be for a present supply to fill up the House, for I hear they want Members.

Gentlemen. How now, what do you jear at *white-hall* gate? come along with us?

Smith So we were had in, and all other people kept back, because we should be seen from the rest: we went through several Rooms until we came to the Council Chamber door where Serjeant *Dandy* came forth to take their names as came up with me, after he had taken them, he enquired farther.

Dandy.

Dandy. Is there not one Mr. *Holbrook* here?

Smith. There is one Mr. *Holbrook* a Black-ſmith here; upon that he looked upon me, and ſeeing my habit, he went into the Counſel and told them what I was, upon that, out came the Lord *Sidenham* and looked very eagerly on me.

Sidenham. Are you a Black-ſmith?

Smith. Yes my Lord, and I have heard very good reports of this Honorable Court of their merciful dealings, and I hope I ſhall find it ſo now.

Sidenham. You are ſome Jeſuite Il'e warrant you? for you are no Black ſmith.

Smith. Why my Lord? have you ſuch thoughts of a poor Black-ſmith.

Sidenham. Becauſe you give ſuch anſwers.

Smith. Why my Lord? *If you have read the Hiſtory of King* Henry *the 8th. you ſhall find there was a Black-ſmiths ſon whoſe name was* Thomas Cromwel *that was Vicegerent unto the Kings perſon, and one of his Privy Counſellors. And if you read the Hiſtory of* Scanderbag *of the* Turks, *my Lord, you ſhall find there was a Black-ſmith that commanded all the Armies when all the Officers fled, and gained victory And if you have read the Lives of the Emperors you may find one of them was a Black-ſmith. And if you read the Hiſtory of* Q. Mary, *you ſhall find ſix Black ſmiths that ſuffered for a good Conſcience. And if you read the Heraldry of Arms, you ſhall find that the higheſt Coat of Arms in the three Nations belongs to the Black ſmiths.*

siden-

Sidenham. What, do you come with your Peddegree my merry blade? come Serjeant *Dandy* look to this fellow, for he is ſome Jeſuite, and hath transformed himſelf into a Black-ſmiths habit, becauſe vve ſhould not know him.

Dandy. What, ſhall I ſet you down a Black-ſmith, or a Farrier?

Smith. I am a Smith, I am no Farrier.

Dandy. Il'e ſet you down a Farrier.

Smith. You will not ſet down a lye ſir, for I am a Black-ſmith.

Dandy. Then Il'e ſet you down Black-ſmith.

Smith. Then he called for a File of Muſquetiers to guard us unto the *Iriſh* Guard in *Scotland yard*, where we lay on the Boards with ſome other priſoners; the next day I was ſent for to the Council, where was *Bradſhaw*, *Disborough*, and Sir *Henry Vane.*

Bradſhaw. What a woful fellow haſt thou been for to endeavor to bring theſe Nations in blood, in carrying on the intereſt of ſuch a blood-ſucker and * Traitor as *Charles Stuart* is? But come my merry blade; if you will be ingenious, and reveal the Enemies of the Common-wealth, you ſhall ſee what we will do for you; you ought to be encouraged, and not diſcouraged; and to be rewarded, and not puniſhed; remember thou haſt a Soul, thou muſt ſeek to ſave it,

* *O Villain.*

it, and a Conſcience; do not ſtretch it, neither muſt you lie.

Smith. (My Lord) if I ſhould not reveal thē enemies of the Commonwealth, as ſhould ſeek to act againſt ſuch godly people as you are, I am worſe than accurſed.

Bradſhaw. You ſpeak well my merry blade; I wiſh we may find it ſo.

Smith. William Lenthall the Speaker came and told them that the Parliament vvould deſire their company to carry on the vvork of the day in prayer.

Bradſhaw. My merry blade, go into the Council-Chamber, and be Real, and you ſhall not loſe by it, for we muſt go.

Smith. (Ha thought I) vvhen the Fox preaches, beware the Geeſe. Then General *Lambert* was going out againſt Sir *George Booth*; all vvent but *Disborough*, and he had more mind to examine me than go to prayer; and whil'ſt they were at prayer, he was at his prey; ſo they had me in the Room, and *Disborough* came in after ſmoaking.

Disborough. Come honeſt Smith, doſt thou know me?

Smith. No indeed my Lord, I do not know your honor.

Disborough. My name is *Disborough.*

Smith. Is it ſo, my Lord; you were one of the Major-Generals then, my Lord.

Dis-

Disborough. But do'st hear honest Smith; do'st know Captain *Burges* of *Marleborough*?

Smith. Yes, very well my Lord.

Disborough. Why is he made Ranger of the Lord *Marquess* Forrest.

Smith. Truly my Lord I cannot tell; but as nigh as I can ll'e tell you; he being a man of power and the Common lying open, and many offenders living thereabout, he is put in for a strict terror unto the offendor.

Desborough. Is that all do'st think?

Smith. Yes my Lord, that is all as I know of?

Disborough. Did'st never hear of any design as he carried on vvith the Lord *Marquess* of *Hertford.*

Smith. No indeed, my Lord.

Disborough. But thou know'st honest Smith, that one good turn asketh another?

Smith. That is true, my Lord; for if you would let me have my liberty, I should pray for you?

Disborough. Thou need'st not doubt of that, if thou wilt be real and reveal the enemies of the Commonwealth: But dost know of no design as is carried between them?

Smith. No, my Lord.

Disborough. Well honest Smith, what dost think of these bloody *Presbyterians*?

Smith. Truly you give strange titles. It is true, some

some may be bad, but you may put more confidence in them, than in a great many you do put in trust.

Disborough. How so Smith?

Smith. Why my Lord, they that engage to be true for all Governments, will never be true to you.

Disborough. Say you so my merry blade!

Smith. Yes my Lord; and I can bring a History of *Constantine* to make it appear.

Disborough. Come, let's hear that.

Smith. Well, you shall my Lord:

This Constantine *was born here in* England, *and was the first christian Emperor that ever was*; Hellena *was his Mother, and* Constantine *was his Father, he was buried at* York; *and this* Constantine *built* Constantinople *the chiefest City now in* Turkey, *and there he lieth buried*; *this* Constantine *made a Proclamation, that all those persons that were his servants, that would not bow and worship unto an unknown God, should not be suffered to be in his Pallace, to try their pulses*; *and of three hundred and odd servants, there was not above Fourty but did forsake him*; *they chose rather to go to hell with their riches and honor, than to be with God, and suffer afflictions. The Emperor seeing so few, wept bitterly*; *well said he, them that be true unto God, will be true unto their Prince*; *and them that are false unto God, will be false unto their Prince*; *so he turned them out*

that

that forsook God for their honor; I hope this will be your Rule, my Lord.

Disborough. What, dost come as a Counsellor unto me?

Smith. No my Lord; I come as a poor Black-smith.

Disborough. It is an unhappy one then.

Smith. Then he went to examine me about many other persons, and I seeing many writers behind, I thought I had need to have as many eyes as *Argus* had to be amongst these men; well thought I, Ile set you to work; so I went on upon Histories as followeth.

May it please your honor, my Lord, to call to mind the Ancient Histories, you shall find that William *the Conqueror was begotten of a* Skinners *daughter; his Fathers name was* Duke Robert, *and his Mother was dancing under a* May-pole *when* Duke Robert *first fell in love with her (and was Crowned three times a year) and he reigned twenty years, and eleven months, and odd days, and could scarce have his length and breadth in the earth, for all he was a Conqueror: And then* William Rufus *his son reigned in his stead, and he pulled his Brothers eyes out, he loved honor so well, and he was killed in the New Forrest in* Hampshire *by the glancing of an Arrow shot by one* Tirel, *a just judgment of God upon him for his Fathers destroying so many Churches; therefore two more of his Lyns was killed there too. And*

after him reigned Henry *the first, which was the first inventor of Yards and Ells, and his eyes and brains was buried at* Roan *in* Normandy, *and his body was wrapped up in Ox hides, and salted, and buried at* Reading, *which hath been a mighty place for Tanners ever since.* Disborough *at last looked back on the Clerks that writ.*

Disborough. What do you write there?

Clerk. What your discourse is, my Lord?

Disborough. Strike it out, strik't out, here is stuff indeed; we shall have *Speeds* Chronicle by and by.

Smith. Now my Lord is going to seek unto God by Prayer; but I believe it was done before he came: Then Serjeant *Dandy* had me down into the Cellar at *white-hall*, where several men had the Cellars to sell drink, and bread; and I seeing this, thought to my self that Cardinal *Woolsey* did never build it for that use; so when I had dined, I was had up again; but as yet they were not come from their fasting, so I was had to the *Irish* Guard in *Scotland* yard, and did not go again until the next day. That night I had a kind of a blind Certificate came from *Marleborough*, which was procured by my Mothers weeping and making great moan, to acquaint the Council that I was a Black-smith, and kept a great charge from the Parish, so that if I should be debarred of my liberty, the charge would lye on the Parish; so you see what a weak Certificate they sent in my behalf; if it had

had not been for my charge, they had not car'd if I had been ruined: the next day I was fetcht again, where was *Bradshaw*, and *Whitlock* who was President.

Bradshaw. Come my merry blade? you came yesterday and promised us to be ingenious, and did only tell us a few merry tales; come, wee'l send you to a place that shall make you reveal our enemies; are you so harden'd in your wickedness? come, you must prepare your self for *Newgate.*

Smith. Newgate, what, the Metropolitan Goale of the Nation? no meaner a place, my Lord! Now Christian Reader, my sorrow comes; they sent for two Messengers, and gave them Order to convey me in safetie unto *Newgate*; *Whitlock* signed the Warrant; then seeing all would not do, I showed my blind Certificate to *Bradshaw*, as some of them whose heart the Divel had hardned, had sent me, to do me no good; I wish that their hearts had been no worse towards me, and their Conscience so good as mine was towards them: for he that is the searcher of all hearts knows how I was put to it, to bring them into trouble by the means of *Joyce* that bloody fellow. *Bradshaw* received the Certificate from me, and did read it.

Bradshaw. A Black-smith! you may be a Black-smith, and carry on the interest of *Charles Stuart*: a charge! what do we care for your charge? the Parish is bound to keep them.

Smith. My Lord, they will be but poorly kept then.

Bradshaw. Then you must complain to the next Justice of Peace my merry blade!

Smith. My Lord, I had as good complain upon a Senator of *Venice*, as to do any good upon some of them.

Bradshaw. Go my merry blade along with them.

Smith. So they had me up to *Newgate*, and the Keepers were called, the doors being shut; so they came and read the Warrant, and put me into the Dungeon where it was very dark.

Smith. Pray let me have some light.

Keeper. You must buy some Candles if you will have any, for you must have none Without money.

Smith. I have no money; so that I was fain to lie all that night, and the next day in the dark; then I sent to a friend in Town and borrowed five shillings; in the mean time the Keeper came into the Dungeon.

Keeper. You must give me fourty shillings, or else I'le put Irons on your leggs.

Smith. I have no mony.

Keeper. You must give six pence a night for lying on the Mat.

Smith. I have no money.

Keeper. Then you must lie on the floor, for I'le take away the Mat.

Smith. Well, I will pay you six pence a night then;

then; the which I was forced to promise, there being almost nothing but dirt and piss which was thrown down from the common side; and there was a house of Office at one end, which made such a stink that I was ready to be poysoned; Nay, had been, if God had not raised up a friend for me, in particular Mr. *Samuel Proffit* which brought me Cordial waters and Syrrups, which was the saving of my life under God; the next day there was an Order from the Council of state to bring me down.

Keeper. If you have any money, you may hire a Coach and go down to the Council; it may be for your deliverance.

Smith. What will a Coach cost?

Keeper. A shilling.

Smith. Then I came to the door, and there was a Coach, so I gave a shilling for the two keepers; the Messenger that came did ride in the Coach with me; and when we came, there was only *Bradshaw* and Cornet *Joyce*, which was newly come out of the Country, because he could go no farther in his enterprize, until they made me knight of the Post, to swear that all that he did vvrite vvas truth: vvhen I saw him there, my heart rised exceedingly at him; * Are you come sir? it is vvell if you have brought a good Conscience vvith you; so *Joyce* did deliver a sheet of paper vvritten on both sides.

* *Smith* to *Joyce.*

Bradshaw. Come my merry blade, you have told

us merry tales all along, but now here is something of consequence come against you; come hear your charge; did you not say there was a number of honest men in your Country?

Smith. Yes my Lord.

Bradshaw. And that these men carried on the interest of *Charles Stuart?*

Smith. No, my Lord.

Bradshaw. Come my winding-blade, did you say this or not?

Smith. My Lord, some I did say, and some I did not say.

Bradshaw. Answer Negatively, or Affirmatively.

Smith. Why should I say there be no honest men, when there be my Lord?

Bradshaw. Come my merry blade; we do not speak of that; don't play with the halter.

Smith. Why then my Lord, set down, No:

Bradshaw. If there be honest men. Come to the next my merry blade; did you not say there was a number of good horses in the County?

Smith: Yes my Lord.

Bradshaw: And that those horses were kept for the interest of *Charles Stuart?*

Smith: No, my Lord, do you not know upon what interest men keep horses for? some for hawking, some for hunting and some to ride to Markets and fairs.

Bradshaw: Come hearken to your charge; you

you ſhall have play time enough with the halter.

Smith. Shall I ſay there be no good horſes when there is, my Lord?

Bradſhaw. Sirrah, we de not talk of good horſes, but what perſons do keep them for *Charles Stuart.*

Smith. Truly I do not know my Lord, ſo you may ſet down.

Bradſhaw. Come to the next; you ſaid you had received divers Letters from Mr. *Prynne*, and had delivered them to many perſons in *Wiltſhire* to carry on *Charles Stuart's* intereſt; to the Lord *Marqueſs* one, and the Lord *Seamour* another: Mr. *Byfield*, Mr. *Profit* and Mr. *Sheriff*, each of them one, Mr. *Webb* of *Ogbourn* and Mr. *Thomas Bayly*, Doctor *Chambers* and Colonel *Popham*, with many others, had meetings at Mr. *Thomas Bayly's* to carry on this deſign; how ſay you to this my merry blade?

Smith. Truly my Lord, without this *Joyce* had been with the Devil for advice, I cannot ſee how a man could invent ſuch forgeries.

Bradſhaw. How my merry blade, will you be hang'd, drawn and quartered; come, you ſhall have fair play; muſt all this be concealed? you ſhall ſmart for it ſoundly; is there not meetings at *Bayly's*?

Smith. Yes my Lord.

Bradſhaw. What do their meetings tend to?

Smith.

Smith. To seek unto God for a blessing on your endeavors, if you act for God, my Lord.

Bradshaw. Come, you are a winding Blade; what horse vvas that that the Duke of *Buckingham* bought at your Town?

Smith. It vvas a very good prized horse, indeed my Lord.

Bradshaw. Why did he go to such a high price?

Smith. Because they belong to Dukes and Earls, I think.

Bradshaw. Was it not to carry on the interest of *Charles Stuart*, that he hath bought that horse?

Smith. I do not know indeed my Lord; Then he shaked his head.

Bradshaw. Do you not know vvhether Mr. *Woodbride* of *Newbury*, and Mr. *Fowler* of *Reading*, do carry on any interest for *Charles Stuart*?

Smith. I know of none my Lord.

Bradshaw. What did you make at *Bath*?

Smith. I went to receive some mony that was there due to me.

Bradshaw. You carried Letters to Mr. *Pierce* and Mr. *Harrington*, to carry on the interest of *Charles Stuart.*

Smith. It is no such thing my Lord; it is as false, as God is true.

Bradshaw. Come, what Alderman of *London* vvas that you had discourse with.

Smith. I do no. remember my Lord.

Bradshaw:

Bradshaw. Do you not: we'le make you,

Joyce. Yes my Lord, we have other Witness as will prove that he had discourse with him; if you please to read along my Lord, you shall find one *Thomas Goddard's* hand to it.

Smith. There *Joyce* set down names that I never spoke to him of, and all to see what I would say; so knowing what discourse *Joyce* and I had, I told them that he said there was an interest carrying on for the King, and he hoped, I would fight for my Country as well as the rest; so they sent for that honest Gentleman down to *White-hall*, and kept me there, and would not have me away untill I had confirmed what *Joyce* had set down. And when he was there, they made me come in.

Bradshaw. Come, is this true as is writ in this paper which I have here in my hand?

Smith. He holds a paper in his hand, and would not let me see it, nor read it; and I must say that that was true, or else I must be hanged: I answered, My Lord, what I said to *Joyce*, is true; but if he hath writ any more then I said to him, it is false: so the Gentleman by great providence was released: then they come to the Examination of me again.

Bradshaw. Cornet *Joyce*, will you swear this is true as is written in this paper?

Joyce: Yes, my Lord, I dare swear it is true.

Smith, Ha my Lord, he will swear as much against

againſt you, if there were but a change of Government.

Bradshaw. Come my merry blade, it will not be a time for you to dally, therefore be ingenuous.

Smith. Pray my Lord, let me ſpeak a few words for my ſelf.

Bradshaw. You ſpeak! away, away.

Smith. Why my Lord, pray let me have as much priviledge as *Paul* amongſt the Heathens had, that is, to ſpeak for my ſelf, my Lord.

Bradshaw. Why, you do not count us Heathens; do you?

Smith No not I my Lord; but as *Paul* had that priviledge amongſt the Heathens, I hope I ſhall have the ſame amongſt you that are godly Chriſtians.

Bradshaw. Come my winding Blade, what have you to ſay?

Smith. Why my Lord, *Joyce* did tell me at the Hart, that he was an Agent of *Charles Stuart*, and that a friend of his at *London*, had ſent down into the *weſt*, Fifty thouſand pound, and Ten thouſand Caſe of Piſtols; he drunk the Kings health, and ſhewed me the Kings Commiſſion.

Bradshaw. Oh my merry blade, we do allow him that, to try you and ſuch as you are.

Joyce. Hark, he can remember what I ſaid, but he cannot remember what he ſaid!

Smith. But my Lord, that which he layeth to my charge,

charge, is falſe: and my Lord I have witneſs to ſwear what he ſaid.

But what he ſaith of me, there is none will ſwear but himſelf.

Bradſhaw. Well, we do allow him in it.

Smith. Do you ſo my Lord? why, you told me my Lord, when I came firſt before you, that I ſhould remember I had a ſoul that I ſhould ſeek to ſave, and a conſcience I ſhould not ſtretch, and I muſt not lie, and may he lie my Lord? hath he a conſcience, and may he ſtretch it? hath he a ſoul, and may he damn it my Lord?

Bradſhaw. What my merry blade, do you come with your Application? wee'l ſhew you fair play my merry blade: come, call the Keepers of *Newgate* in.

Smith. The Keepers are come.

Bradſhaw. You muſt look after this fellow very narrowly, for he can peach above Fourty men, and he will not; but we will make him, ere we have done with him.

Smith. So away they had me, and when I came to *white-hall* Gate, they called for a Coach.

Keepers. You muſt pay for the Coach.

Smith. No, I will never pay for a Coach to carry my ſelf to Goal.

Keepers. You had as good pay for it, for you ſhall before you come out of priſon.

Smith. So they had me away to *Newgate*, and

as

as soon as I came; they put two great chains on my leggs, and put me into the Dungeon again, and pulled my coat from my back for fees; then I bought some candles, and when they were lighted, I was in a worse condition than before; for the Rats did so run about me, that I was driven to keep a stick in my hand to keep them from me, yet I lay there seven or eight days and nights, being in a sad condition; for the chain was so little for my legs, and their beating of them made them swell very much, so that they entred into my flesh; at last, the Keepper seeing me in that condition, said.

Keeper. If you will give me a shilling, I'e take off one of your chains.

Smith. I will. The Keeper fearing I would not live, let me out into the Masters Prison: there I stayed a weak before I was had down to the Council; then I went, where was *Disborough*, *Bradshaw*, *Vane*, Colonel *Berry*.

Bradshaw. Come my merry Blade, what are you convinced of your bloody actions yet?

Smith. Truly my Lord, you lay that to my charge which I know nothing of.

Bradshaw. Come my merry blade, what Arms did the Lord *Herbert* carry down in his Coach?

Smith. None my Lord, that I know of.

Bradshaw Did he carry none to carry on the Interest of *Charles Stuart*.

Smith. Indeed I did see none my Lord.

Joyce. Well there is one at *Marleborough*, as will justify, that you do know of it.

Smith. What is he sir?

Joyce. It is one *Thomas Goddard*, and he will justify more than this too.

Smith, Then you may fetch him, for I know nothing.

Now this *Joyce* when he was at *Marleborough*, did provide a Writing, and did desire Mr. *Goddard* to put his hand to it, for it was a thing of no value, because he could not write, neither did he understand what was writ, put a mark, which had like to have undone my self and all the rest: so I sent down unto Mr. *Goddard*, and he sent me word he knew nothing, upon which I escaped their snare. But to go on where we left.

Bradshaw. Come my merry blade, what design is that which Mr. *William Prynn* is going to carry on?

Smith. None that I know of, my Lord.

Bradshaw. Do you not know? we'l e make you know before we have done with you.

Smith. My Lord, let me keep a good conscience according to your own desire.

Bradshaw. No my merry Blade, it is not my desire, you should conceal the enemies of the Nation, so as to wrong your conscience, as you do: Come my merry blade, did you see any of his Books?

Smith. Yes my Lord.

Bradshaw. And what doth he write.

Smith.

Smith. He writes, that this Parliament that sits now, is a *Rump*: the Clerks writ this down.

Bradshaw. Did not there come Mr. *Clark* to this *Prinn* at *Marlborough*.

Smith. Yes my Lord, there was one Mr. *Clark* as was with him there?

Bradshaw. And what did he do there?

Smith. Truly my Lord, I do not know.

Bradshaw. Do'st think he did carry on any interest with him against us?

Smith. None, my Lord, that I know of.

Bradshaw. Well, my merry blade, you shall have fair play, but do not play with the halter.

Smith. Fair play, my Lord, is to be tryed by the Common Law; and then my evidence may be tried as well as yours; and then my Lord, I shall have the priviledg of Twelve men, and that is the priviledg of every *English* man, for every Emperor to be tryed by Twelve Emperors, and every King by Twelve Kings; and I by Twelve persons according to my degree; that is the Common Law, my Lord.

Bradshaw. Do you know Law so well? we will show you Law: for the Parliament hath given Order that there shall be a high Court of Justice to trie all plotters.

Smith. You may do what you please my Lord, for I am but a poor Black-smith, but yet I have read the Common Law, and cannot find of any Court higher than a Court of Parliament.

Brad.

Bradshaw. Come my merry blade, you shall find a Court higher.

Smith. Nay my Lord, if you please, I will send to *Marleborough* and have their Letters to vindicate me.

Disborough. There is but three honest men in *Marleborough.*

Smith. Who are they, my Lord?

Disborough. Mr. *Hews* a Minister, Mr. *Keynes,* and Mr. *Blisset*; but I fear Mr. *Blisset* is poysoned in drinking too deep in the *Presbyterians* cup.

Smith. I will send down to them, my Lord, and gain their Letters: I sent to them, and Mr. *Hews* did for me as if I had been a Child of his own, and so did Mr. *Blisset,* in making known unto them how I was betray'd, and Trapand, and that it would be a disgrace unto their Government. Then some of the Council sent down to Mr. *Hews* the Minister, to know whether I was a Black-smith or no; and he did acquaint them that I was a Black-smith; and if they did know what I was, as he did, they would not have kept me so long a prisoner; all which they did, notwithstanding there were some bloody minded men perswaded them to the contrarie, but I am the more engaged ever to pray for them.

Bradshaw. Can you write or no?

Smith. Yes, I can my Lord.

Bradshaw. Keeper of *Newgate,* look after this fellow, and keep him from Pen, Ink, and Paper;

for

for he hath received Letters, and Papers from those in the County to conceal them.

Smith. There is no need of that, my Lord, for I know nothing of them, but honest men.

Bradshaw. Mr. *Carter* of *Marleborough* hath left off his pleading, to act against us, and you know it vvell enough my merry blade.

Smith. No my Lord, truly I know of no such thing. Then they had me away again to *Newgate* by the Order of *Disborough*, *Vane*, and *Bradshaw*; where three Gentlemen came and gave one shilling six pence to have me over to the Cellar to drink with them, whom I did not know.

Gentlemen. Pray sit down with us; what is the reason that you are used so cruelly?

Smith. Because I would not swear that all the forgeries as *Joyce*, and *Smale*, and *Tynne*, and others had invented, was truth, to bring innocent blood on the Nation, when there hath been so much spilt already.

Gentlemen. But you need not lie in this condition if you would but speak truth; for thou knowest that these *Presbyterians* are bloody, and thou can'st not wrong them, say what thou wilt; for surely they are in the plot, and therefore thou needest not scruple swearing.

Smith. Truly, for my part I know nothing but honesty by them, and therefore they shall rack me before I will wrong my Conscience to bring innocent blood on the Nation.

Gentle.

Gentlemen. We thought to have spoken for you and got you out; but seeing you are hardned in your wickedness you may lie by it for us.

Smith. Then I was had to prison again, and the next week I was had down to the Concil; and when I came there.

Bradshaw. Well said *Bradshaw*, will you set your hand to this writing?

Smith. Let me hear what it is first, my Lord. For I remember the History of Queen *Mary*, that she provided a hand writing to put her Sister to death; but King *Philip* reading it over did save her life, and himself out of the snare; therefore I'le read it before I will set my hand unto it, my Lord.

Bradshaw. I'le read it.

Smith. So he read it, and it was such lies, that it made my hair stand an end, and my heart trembled, for the whole scope of it was to bring the number of Fourty men to ruine, which I would not.

Bradshaw. Come my merry blade; seeing you will cast away your self, and will not reveal the enemies of the Commonwealth; prepare your self for death, carry him away to *Newgate*.

Smith. So they had me away to *Newgate* again, and as I was going out of the Chamber, I did meet with one Mr. *John Dove* of *Salisbury*, Pray sir, commiserate my condition.

Dove. What art?

Smith. A poor Black-smith of *Marleborough* that was betrayed by Cornet *Joyce* which carried the King prisoner from *Holmby*; and he will cause my life to be taken away, If I will not swear that all that he says is true.

Dove. Thou shalt be hanged for me * right or wrong, if you will not reveal these Traitors as *Joyce* hath named.

* *O Villain.*

Smith. So away they had me to prison, at which time the Sessions was in the *Old Bayly*, where they had me, and made me give Three shillings Ten pence for Bail-dock mony; then was I call'd to the Bar, where the Order was read which the Council of State had sent up with me, which was as followeth, *viz.* William Houlbrook *committed for high Treason for holding correspondence with the enemies of this Commonwealth, by* Bulstrode Whitlock *President.* To which there was no answer demanded of me, as I hoped there would, that I might have been tryed by the Common Law, that my Evidence might have been heard as well as his; for I much feared the High Court of Justice (as it was called) but having nothing said to me, I was carried to *Newgate* again; after which, I was had again before the Council where *Bradshaw* was.

Bradshaw. Be honest, and remember there is a God, and do not conceal the enemies of the Commonwealth as you do?

Smith. If I did know of any as did act against such

such godly Christians as you are, if I did not reveal them, I was worse than accursed.

Bradshaw. You are a hollow hearted blade, you can please all Governments.

Smith. Then my Lord, I am the fitter to live in the Commonwealth; for my work lies so amongst them, that I must do it alwaies, provided with a good Conscience.

Bradshaw. But do'st hear my merry blade; why didst thou weep when thou wast with Cornet *Joyce* at *Marleborough*.

Smith. Why my Lord, it was because I did understand he was a going on a design against such godly persons as you are.

Bradshaw. No my merry blade; you wept, because that * Tyrant *Charles Stuart* did enjoy his own again, as you termed it.

* O villain.

Smith. No my Lord, it was not so; for what I said to him, was only to tie him.

Bradshaw. O my merry blade! if he had not medled with you, you would never have medled with him.

Smith. You say right, my Lord; for it did not belong to me, because you had put him in trust to do it.

Bradshaw. Why, my merry blade, do you meddle so much with State matters as you do? cannot you follow your Trade, and let them alone.

Smith. Truly my Lord, the peace and welfare

of this Nation doth as much concern me to look after, as it doth your Lordship.

Bradshaw. Come, what is *Rachley* of *Marleborough* doth not he carry on the interest of *Charles Stuart*?

Smith. Not that I know of, my Lord.

Bradshaw. Doth not he entertain some of *Charles Stuarts* friends in his house?

Smith. Why my Lord? if any comes to his house, he must not turn them out of doors, because his house is a house of entertainment, and there is no reason for it, so long as they do not act against you, my Lord.

Bradshaw. Come, he is a notable youth, he was one of my Lord *Cottingtons* Stewards.

Smith. What if he was my Lord? so long as he acts nothing against you, it matters not.

Bradshaw. Come my merry blade; seeing you are so hardned in your wickedness, provide for death; we thought to have bestowed riches, and honour upon you, but now there will be no hopes.

Smith. I beseech you, my Lord to show mercy unto me, and let me not be sent unto *Newgate* again; for the allowance of the Prison is but bread and water.

Bradshaw. It is no matter, it is too much for you.

Smith. Then he raged like a Lion, and would not let any one ask me any question but himself.

Then

Then came in the Lord *Disborough*; my Lord; pray come to dinner, you will do your honor much wrong by keeping your self fasting, and so long in examinations.

Bradshaw. Pray my Lord, hold your peace; if you will not look after the welfare and peace of the Nation, I will; and I have lighted on a cross grain'd fellow, that I cannot get one word out of him.

Smith. Why my Lord? You gave me Order that I should keep a good Conscience, and so I will; for I can bring Two or three witnesses, and they will justifie that I said no such words unto *Joyce* as he layeth unto my charge.

Bradshaw. You bring witnesses! you shall find that one witness will be enough for a Commonwealth against yours.

Smith. Then he called the Keepers of *Newgate* in.

Bradshaw. Carry this fellow away, and bring him again next Thursday, then he shall have his reward.

Smith. So they had me away again to prison, then I sent to my Mother to desire her if she could do me any good, that she would do it, for on Thursday I did expect death; so she went unto Mr. *Hews* the Minister and Mr. *Blisset*, Two of the three as before mentioned, who writ Letters to the Council on my behalf. I also sent to Captain *Butler*, and his Brother Major *Butler*, they being

men that I had been acquainted with at *Marleborough* vvho ſpoke for me, and told Col. *Berry* that was their Colonel, what I was, that I never acted any thing for any Government; that I kept a great charge from the Pariſh; and well read in Hiſtories; and deſired him to ſpeak for me, which he did, and did me much good; then I ſent to the Lord *Strickland* vvho proved my very good friend; for in ſpeaking for me, he indangered himſelf: There was alſo one Mr *Booth* in Iremonger Lane London, who marryed Maſter *Proffats* daughter of *Marleborough*, who vvas very kind and loving unto me, in viſiting and relieving of me when I vvas in the Dungeon with Chains on my Leggs, by going down to my Lord *Sidenham* and others on my behalf; But *Sidenham* reply'd I was a dangerous fellow, and Committed for high treaſon; and therefore wiſhed him to be careful for fear of bringing himſelf into trouble: But he anſwered, my Lord, I doe not juſtifie him; if he hath deſerved to be hanged, let him be hanged; but pray my Lord, let him be fairly tried: and let him be removed out of that naſty Dungeon wherein he lieth, and there ſhall be good ſecurity given for his forth-coming, or to let him be removed into a more Airy priſon for his health; but yet I could never hear of any thing that *Sidenham* did for me; for he (good man) was perſwaded I was a Jeſuite. When Mr. *Booth* gave me this Relation, I thought I ſhould have loſt my life, and the rather, becauſe my friends

met

met with *Joyce* in *Cheapside*, and desired him to have mercy on me; he did say that I was a Rogue to go to make him a lyar; but before he had done with me, he would have me hanged, drawn, and quartered; which friends of mine did come and acquaint me of it. So I made a Petition and sent it down to the Lord *Fleetwood*, and when he read it, he did much detest against the bloody actions of *Joyce*, and his crew; so he went unto the Council and told them it would be a disgrace to their Government to harken to such a bloody fellow as *Joyce* and the rest of his crew were; so they gave him a favorable answer; the next night there came Major *Goff* of *Marleborough* that knew *Joyces* actions, and what bloody designs he went upon, so that he went down to the Lord *Fleetwood*, and told him it was a scandal to Religion to uphold such a bloody person as *Joyce* was; for he knew that I never acted any thing against them. The next day being Thursday, I was had down again, where was *Bradshaw*, and Col. *Morley*, and one more.

Bradshaw. Have you lighted upon any trappanners in *Newgate*?

Smith. Upon which words I was at a stand, fearing some had informed against me; for there were many such in that place.

Bradshaw Why do you not answer?

Smith. My Lord, *Newgate* is prepared for such persons; and I wonder my Lord, *Joyce* hath not

been sent thither all this time, at which some of them smiled, which made me rejoyce.

Bradshaw. Come, we are vvilling to shew you mercy.

Smith. Are you so my Lord? then blessed are the *merciful, for they shall obtain mercy*, it is Christs own Sermon my Lord.

Bradshaw. Well, vve see you are but ill beloved in the Country where you live; for there's but few friends as speak for you in this your time of adversity.

Smith. I am as ill beloved in the Country as you are, my Lord.

Bradshaw. Upon the same account as I am?

Smith. I do not know that my Lord; it is for being faithful to the Commonwealth. At which the Council fell a laughing.

Bradshaw. I believe that I am beloved ill enough, thou saist right in that; come, what security hast? for thou must be bound in a Bond of Two hundred pound.

Smith. No less my Lord! I was never vvorth so much in my life.

Bradshaw. What security hast thou?

Smith. If you will have Two Substantial men, there is the Lord *Strickland*, and another Lord.

Bradshaw. What no meaner persons! it seems you are beloved my merry blade; Two meaner persons shall serve.

Smith.

Smith. Then there is a Major and a Captain, my Lord.

Bradshaw. Meaner persons than they will serve.

Smith. Then here is a Cook and a Coachman my Lord. Then he spoke to the Clerk who proved my good Friend.

Bradshaw. What is this Cook?

Clerk. A very honest man my Lord, he lives but a: *Chairing-cross.*

Bradshaw. Let him be one then; what's the name of the other?

Smith. I shall desire to speak with him first, my Lord.

Bradshaw. Take the Cook now while he is here, and let him go on his Paroll till he bring the other.

Clerk. Yes my Lord.

Smith. Pray my Lord, as you say you are merciful to me, I desire it may extend a little farther.

Bradshaw. What is that you would have?

Smith. I would have my Fees abated, my Lord, for I am but a poor Blacksmith, and have nothing but what I earn by the sweat of my brows, and I have paid much mony already.

Bradshaw. If you will not pay your Fees that are due to the Keepers, you must lye there and rot for me; you may thank God we give you your liberty.

Smith. If it must be so my Lord, I cannot help it.

it. So When the Cook had signed the Bond, who was my very good friend in my extremity, whom I am ever bound to pray for.

Doorkeeper. Come Smith, you must come in.

Smith. Yes, I am a coming.

Bradshaw. Come, you must take the Engagement.

Smith. What is that my Lord? I never took any.

Bradshaw If you mean to have your liberty, you must take one now.

Smith. Pray let me hear what it is my Lord first, because I shall make Conscience of what I take.

Bradshaw. You shall. The Clerk shall read the Engagement: *You shall be true and faithful unto the Commonwealth of* England, *as it is now established, without King, single Person or House of Lords; And you shall be ready upon all Summons that shall be sent from the Parliament or Council of State, to make your personal appearance before them: And you shall not Act or encourage any one to Act against this Government.*

Bradshaw. What say you to this, Smith?

Smith. I conceive my Lord, that the Contents of the words, is, that I must be true and faithful to you as long as you are our Governors; and so I do not act against you, it matters not who do: I shall be very faithful, my Lord.

Bradshaw. I wish you be.

Smith.

Smith. My Lord, you may know the tree by his fruits, and me by my actions. Then the Keepers had me away again to *Newgate*, until I had payed my Fees: So I sent to some friends, and borrowed the money, so I paid them their due as they said, which was one Shilling for the Coach to *White-hall*, and one Shilling: the Keeper for going with me one Shilling up again; and three Shillings six pence a Week for my Lodging, with many other such like unreasonable prizes, that it cost me Eleven pound in all, although I had great relief from my friends in City and Country. Then I went to the Coachman for him also to engage for me, whose name was *Edmund Poynes*, who went along with me, and signed the Bond; and as we were coming from the Council we met with Cornet *Smale*.

Smale, What are you at Libertie? if you are at Libertie, and will not bring these persons in, as you have peached, it will make all the faithful friends of the Parliament forsake them.

Smith, It is you that have peached them sir, not I; it would be happy for the Parliament, if they were freed from such servants as you are. Away I went from them. Now Christian Reader, thou maist find what persons these have been by this true Relation from first to last: Then I went home in Esquire *Riches* Coach of *Sunning*, who was my very good friend; and when I came home, there I heard what *Joyce* and his Crew had done when I

was

was in prison; First they went to the high Sheriff, and said,

Joyce. Why do you not raise your troop?

Sheriff. Because I had no order.

Joyce. I have then. And shewed his order (but his Commission was out Seven or eight days before he came there) so that the Sheriff escaped the snare: then *Smale* went to the Sheriff, and told him that I had peacht him of great crimes, and wished him to send for *Joyce*; for he was very sorry he should be brought into trouble, *Ioab* like, pretending love, yet meaning to murder him. Then *Joyce* plaid upon Mr. *Rashly*, and desired him to drink the Kings health, for he had lost all for being for the King, but his Wife knowing him, by that means he escaped the snare; then they went to Mr. *west* Minister of *Ogbourn*, and said, if he would do any good for the King, this was his time, for they were his Agents; but by Gods providence, that good man escaped the snare; then they went to Mr. *Hunt* of *Wick* by *Marleborough*, and said they were Farmers, knowing him to be for the King, and suffering much for him; they plaid upon him, but he escaped the snare: Then *Tynne* came from the *Angel* to the *Hart*, and pretended himself to be for the Parliament, and I think he was for the Devil: *Joyce* pretended to be for the King, so *Tynne* took *Joyce* prisoner, and *Joyce* cried out he was undone, for the Round-head had taken him prisoner; and desired the servants to

rescue

rescue him from them, but the servants by Gods providence did not: But the Chamberlain told *Tynne*, if he would lie with *Joyce*, he would make a bed for them together; but *Tynne* said, *Joyce* look'd like an honest man; therefore he would trust him to lie by himself; for he did believe he would be forth coming: But to reveal all the Actions that were done, it would be too long: So after I came from *London*, down came that bloody Villain *Smale*, who labored so hard to have me murthered, because I would not bring these Noble men into trouble; he came to the *White Hart*, and told Mr. *Rashly*, that I had preacht him and Captain *Burgess* of great Crimes at the Council, but the Clerk being a friend of his, he caused him to strike their names out, when he did all he could to bring them into trouble, and threatned me I should be hang'd, if I did not bring them in, and so all this did he, because they should not mistrust him that he had any hand in the bringing of them in, and *Judas* like, pretending to love them, yet endeavored to betray them, in setting down what they pleased, and bringing me to swear that all was true, to carry on a fair shew amongst men, as if they were innocent and bore them no ill; and when they came to *London*, they must be believed and not I; if I had Twenty witnesses, it must go against me: And if this be the *Good Old Cause*, (as the *Rump* have cried out so for) to bring so much innocent blood on the Nation, when there hath been so much spilt already,

ready, I must say with the Letany good Lord deliver us from such men. Thus I have made known according to my weak ability, what misery I have gone through, and what ado I had to keep a good Conscience amongst them that did long for blood. If God had not been with me, I had never been able to escape with life: For *Joyce* would have sworn through an inch-board (as the Proverb is) but he would have brought these Noble men to Ruin, and then we should have had a Thanks-giving day throughout the Nation for joy, as if God was the Author of their bloody and Traitorous actions, and *Joyce* might damn his Soul by lying, because he was for a Commonwealth, but I must not which was my happiness. Let all the World judge what they were. Now Christian Reader, as God hath been pleased in much mercy to look down upon these Three poor Nations, as to bring us under that ancient form of Government, of Kings, Lords, and Commons: Let us seek unto him by prayer for a blessing on our Gracious Soveraign Lord King *Charles* the Second, and submit to, and obey him which is our Duty, and then we shall have hopes of being setled in peace, after so many years distraction. And now Christian Reader, I have shewed thee how *Joyce* and the rest indeavored to ruine very many of the Nobility, and Gentry in this Nation, as afore mentioned, by their false informations to gain their Estates; and how they appeared like Angels, when indeed was not better than Devils

vils as you may see by their Catechise and Creed, which is here in this Narrative made known. And I have made known too what persons they were, and how these Villains worked upon me at first, and their actions to the last: Yet by the providence of God I was delivered from them, and kept a good Conscience, which is my comfort, therefore from such bloody men, God keep all good people; which is, and shall be the daily prayer of him, who is,

Thine to serve thee

WILLIAM HOULBROOK.

To God be all the glory. Amen.

POSTSCRIPT.

AND now Christian Reader, you have heard by the foregoing Narrative some of their ungodly practices, and what a perfidious people we had then raging amongst us; called a *Rump*, and what it was to be without a King, and if you do but read the 18. Chapter and the First Verse of *Judges*, and the 21. Chapter and the Last Verse, you may

may see in what condition the people were in those days, as well as we in the *Rumpish* times, and that thou mayest see them more clearly in their Colors; I will here set down some of their ungodly principles: Also which may not unfitly be termed their Catechism or the *Rumps* Creed; not intending thereby in the least to profane holy things, but only express their Villany in its proper Colors, whose Godliness was Gain, and their Religion Hypocrisie; being chiefly owned and countenanced by them; For they did pretend the *Good Old Cause*, which was to bring us into the Devils Paws, and to destroy the fundamental Laws: And if you will follow the *Rumps* Creed, you will certainly Ride to the Devil with speed.

Q. *What is your name?*

A. Red Coat.

Q. *Who gave you that name?*

A. My Odd Fathers and Odd Mothers.

Q. *Well, who are they?*

A. They are several, as Necessity, Idleness, Rapine, Theft, principally the Devil and the *Rump.*

Q. *What did these thy Odd Fathers and thy Odd Mothers promise for thee?*

A. Three things for me, and in my name: first, that I should forsake God and all things that are good, or consonant either to Law or Gospel: Secondly, That I should obey all their unjust commands:

mands: Thirdly, that I should keep them unto my Lives end.

Q. *Dost thou think that thou art bound to obey, and do what they have promised for thee.*

A. Yes, verily, by the help of *Bradshaw* and the rest of that wicked Crew and the Devil, we hope we shall keep them unto our Lives end.

Rehearse the Articles of thy Belief.

I believe in the mighty Power of a rebellious Faction, Fanatick Conventicles, and the Councel of State. And I believe in my good Parliament, who was turn'd out by *Olivers* Power, and sent packing to Hell: at last they came and set again at the right hand of that rebellious party; who having undone Thousands of honest Citizens, were justly infatuated, to recal these Furies to be once more their Masters, and take vengeance upon them for their other misdemeanors.

I do believe in the resurrection of the *Bonny Old Cause*, and the bringing them all unto their just punishment according to their deserts, and therein to keep them unto my Lives end. *Amen.*

Q. *What dost thou learn out of this thy belief?*

A. Three things.

Name them.

I Learn to believe in my good Parliament, who have made me and all my good brethren, by the ruins of most of the Nobility, the honest Clergy and Gentry of the Land. 2. In the power of the Sword, which hath brought our *Good Old Cause*,

out of the Jaws of the wicked. 3. In St. *John Presbyter*, and his supplanting brother *Independency*, who have sanctified our interest.

Well, thou tell'st me thou art bound to obey all the Parliaments Commandments; pray tell me how many there be.

There is Ten.

Name them.

The First is, Thou shalt have no other Governors but us.

2. Thou shalt not set up any King, nor any person in his likeness; for we your Lords and Masters are grown furious of Ambition, that we shall Sequester your Estates, and bring you unto ruin that shall affront us in that nature: But if you will be contented with your Ass-like backs, as to bear our intollerable Burdens, we shall then grace you with our fine Sugar Plums, as the Kings, Bishops, Deans and Chapters Lands, and other honest mens estates, for the maintaining of you, and your Families.

3. Thou shalt not abuse our name with that ignominious term, as *Rump*, *Tail* or *Fag end*, for we have sworn, that his Arse shall make Buttons, that shall affront us in that nature.

4. Thou shalt be sure the great day to observe, and to keep it; and for to keep it wholy, whilst we your Lords and Masters do sit to make those illegable Laws, as for Taxes, Excise and Contribution, for the enriching of us and the *Good Old Cause*, but for your other days, you may follow your usual im-

imployments, as, Filching and Stealing, and the like, that by the means thereof you may ſtand the faſter unto us, for to ſupport us in our unlawful Actions.

5. Thou ſhalt be ſure to honor us, and for to have an awful fear in thy mind, that thou maiſt not be in fear of Caſhiering or Disbanding.

6. Thou ſhalt be ſure for to commit what Murder and Slaughter we ſhall think fit.

7. Thou ſhalt be ſure to lye with the Citizens Wives, that when thou wanteſt thy Pay, thou maiſt gain ſome clean Linnen, and other good things to keep thee ſweet and clean from Lice.

8. Thou ſhalt filch and ſteal any thing thou canſt lay thy hands upon.

9. Thou ſhalt uſe thy utmoſt endeavor to Trappan thy Neighbor, ſwear and forſwear any thing that we ſhall order you.

10. Thou ſhalt covet above all things the plunder of the City of *London*, the Raviſhing their Wives, the knocking down their Prentices, and the ruin of any of them, that have any ſign or profeſſion of Godlineſs and Loyalty.

Well done my friend, ſaid *Bradſhaw*, I do ſee no reaſon but thou ſhouldſt receive confirmation, and have the *Red Coat* laid upon thy ſhoulders.

This (or to this effect) was all the Religion in truth, (notwithſtanding their ſanctified pretences) of *Cromwel* and his Janizaries, and thoſe other Tyrants, who in thoſe days of confuſion enſlaved us, by whom this poor Nation was *Hag ridden* for many

years, but since these Locusts by a whirlwind of vengeance, are now swept away into the bottomless pit from whence they arose, and that the God of mercy hath graciously been pleased to restore us our King as at the first, and our Counsellors as at the beginning: Let us all express our thanktulness by our chearful obedience to our Soveraign, and mutual Love to each other; declining all those courses of *Cruelty, Rapine* and *Covetousnes*, which tempted them to such abominable villanies: An ancient Father saith that a covetous man is compared to a Hog, that never doth any good until he be dead; for all people whatever, that follows the great Sin of covetousness, rides post unto the Devil: 'Tis our duty therefore to be given unto Hospitality, and to be in love one with another, and not to be so covetous, nor so malicious as they are: for it doth bring Gods heavy judgments upon us; and if all those that are covetous, envious, Hereticks should come unto the same end as *Arrius* did at *Constantinople*; who did void his Guts out by stool, we then should know them from others; And truly Christian Reader there is a very great sin committed by many Women, in their wearing of false Locks, and Towers, which bringeth many a man unto his undoing, for they think they have a brown Bay,

St. *Austin.*

when as it is a mans Sun.
which makes many men to run.

And the fittest place for a Cobler to set up shop in, is a Whores Ars, for there is Brissles, Wa-

ter

ter and Wax; half his calling: And I do believe never any poor Black-ſmith hath been ſo abuſed by Rumpiſh Rogues and Whores as I have been, and by thoſe that if our gracious King had not pardoned them, they had been all hanged, as *R. B.* knoweth very well: And although poor Black-ſmiths are counted but a dirty Trade, yet if you look into the 13. Chapter of the Firſt Book of *Samuel*, and the 19. Verſe, you will ſee in what a ſad condition poor *Iſrael* was in, for want of the Black-ſmiths. Therefore pray regard and have reſpect unto the Black-ſmiths, whilſt you have them amongſt you, leaſt we be taken from you. Though I muſt confeſs that I have been under a Cloud by being perſecuted by the Ill Rumpers, and do ſtill ſuffer, for they ſeek to ruin me every hour; Yet *if God be with us, who can be againſt us.* For I do not queſtion but Loyalty ſhall triumph over Villany, and honeſty over knavery, and that I ſhall be redreſt for all my wrongs, and ſufferings by thoſe ill Vermine; For it is well known, that thoſe that are not true lovers of their King, will never be true lovers of his Loyal Subjects; as witneſs alſo the too too many other good Chriſtian Subjects, which have formerly been ſo cruelly uſed, and barbarouſly murthered by them for their Loyalty.

So humbly deſiring, the Chriſtian Reader to joyn with me in prayer, for the long life, and proſperity of all his good Subjects, and the utter confounding of all his Enemies, that we may live in all godlyneſs and quietneſs, ſhall be the dayly prayer of

Will. Houlbrook.

The Black-smiths Song of *Marleborough.*

THe first Song of Musick that ever was made,
Was by *Tubal* of the Black-smiths Trade,
With Hammer and stroakes he lays on load,
Which no body can deny,
Which no body can deny.

How can the Ships upon the Sea sail,
If Ankor prove nought, and do not prevail;
With the Iron Bars in every Jail,
Which no body can deny, &c.

How can the Shoomaker work at all,
But first the Smith must make his Aul,
With cutting-knife on every stall,
Which no body can deny, &c.

How can the Post-masters carry news,
But first the Smith puts on the Shooes,
With Spurs and Stirrop for mans use,
Which no body can deny, &c.

And if the Taylor is troubl'd with the Itch,
The Black smiths water as black as pitch,
'Twill make his fingers go thorow stitch,
Which no body can deny, &c.

How can they go to Plow or Cart,
But first the Smith must play his part,
His Coulters and Shairs made well by art,
Which no body can deny, &c.

Your

Your Patten-Irons great and small,
To support your Women long and tall;
As to keep you out of the Dirt withall,
Which no body can deny, &c.

The Coopers Addice, the Brewers Slings,
And for the Halter-makers pretty things,
To hang up the Rebels in Hempen strings,
Which no body can deny, &c.

And in your Houses pretty knacks,
Your Clocks, Trevets and Jacks,
With many other things that women lacks,
Which no body can deny, &c.

A Black-smith, Oh! 'twas his Fate,
To be carry'd a Pris'ner to *Newgate*,
For *Bradshaw* had a Pocky pate,
Which no body can deny &c.

Oh! what trade, Oh! can you name!
But first the Smith supplies the same,
For he is the honor of the Game,
Which no body can deny, &c.

A Song on the Author.

William Houlbrook is my name,
And for his Loyalty suffer'd shame,
For which the *Rump* was much to blame,
Which no body can deny, &c.

And carry'd a pris'ner 'twas my Fate,
And in the Dungeon of *Newgate*,
For bloody *Bradshaw* did me hate,
Which no body can deny, &c.

For

For in *July* Fifty Nine,
I most dearly paid my Fine,
For the *Rump* from goodneſs did decline,
Which no body can deny, &c.

At laſt the *Rump* was well paid off,
Though of Rebellion they made a ſcoff:
So I the poor Black-ſmith did come off,
Which no body can deny, &c.

And now I dwell in *Marleborough* Town,
Who for my ſuffering had never a Crown,
And yet I am of ſome renown,
Which no body can deny, &c.

For I do make both Nails and Shooes,
And can tell you pretty News,
If you do ask like honeſt True blews,
Which no body can deny, &c.

For to uſe me, pray be not afraid,
For I of my ſufferings am not diſmaid,
Although by Cornet *Joyce* betraid,
Which no body can deny, &c.

So of my Song I will here reſt,
And pray for Subjects that are beſt,
For many a Knave have feather'd their Neſt,
Which no body can deny, &c.

William Houlbroo

FINIS.